Katydid
Panarama Suzu
Sidney silver_deeds
Pollux wall flower
xengie Flump
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happybobo321
Cream Puffs eunhYe
Freshy funnypages
Galletita gorelab ink
keppim p00k Lynite
Leen-chan Micho
Luppy
MegKF
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Medea Saga pryxir
sekushibijin84
Sophendo | bot
Lighter
admins
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flying robots
bukuwawa petr
mangauniverse
Vanderguard
jojo da crow
Friends
Forever
vio55555
Digitalr Death
kalekala cracken
sioc shadowfoxx
cjd fooJin
Levin
super
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chiaki
dahippo
toshirodragon
narwhaltortellini
icassop Kavic
Lui
retired
Ymgael Yoyo
Yehiko Haisa
Kimheami
Knights4
Kakaro-chain
Kyuuei Lia
Sekiehun chaktijoeleann
silverbell1979
Michiler
Mary Gleason
MaxMaxMax Oyling
Remy mymdrx Nomad_Saul
Moyday Mikuru Moonies Tiger
SakuraMilan SerapHimWed Tys
LevanterFewerXII Magnum SkriderX
Sukeyukkey Sunny Shikure Spud
Skyarrul830 Tragicdragdem
Usagiina Vanessa Twinpop
Tetachen Vivisumeko
vis-a-vis

Cosmos

"Lao-Tzu's philosophy was to study the reservations of nothingness. This doesn't mean to have nothing, right? He's not talking about defeatism or destruction, but rather, striving for grander fundamental principles of the mind," the professor explained clearly.

"To groundlessly interpret that mere humans in this momentary existence are made with eternal truth is ... um ... an assertion, though," I thought as I mixed in with the civil service students and emerged from the building. As my field of vision cleared, I came to a standstill. I was in the middle of the humanities school at the highest place on campus.

The steep stairs at my feet made me feel dizzy. The wide skies and the brightly dancing sunlight that came down and grazed dangerously past the shoulders of students in my field of vision were beautiful. My body felt weighted down and the ground began rising beneath my feet. The earth rotated around me and stopped on my head.

I thought about the sages of ancient China, who set their philosophies into pictographs. Doing so was very wise. The earth and sky will stay constant for a long time. They put their philosophies in the earth and in the sky and yearned for eternity. If you believe in God, you will live for eternity and can even be made into an incarnation of Buddha—knowing this, you can live forever. But those who govern wrap up the truth. They make people infinitely weak. People are weak when confronted with the force of nature and God. However, it is the grand nature and the exalted god that disguise themselves exquisitely in order to get people to understand. The exalted god tells us in his special way that we should live our lives exaltedly. There can be no other rules if the exalted god says to live exaltedly.

Once you learn the truth, everything you need to do will come naturally. If this information was forced on someone, a tree would fall, complete with its roots. A river would fall, moment by moment, in its shape. The ocean would turn over, and a fish would appear.

Then, when the bits of that bright light coming toward me faded away, the stamping of feet a few stairs down was brought to my attention.

Marin Blue's tidy skirt danced above the fall breeze. A sweet voice was caught in my ear. "Sorry. What are you thinking about so hard like that?"

"You almost died."

"You said you wanted to die."

"Being pushed while I'm zoned out isn't how I want to die," I said as I got the files and disks that I had dropped under control, put them in a folder, and staggered down the stairs. It's a new era where no one, except for new students, needs an art bag. Now, we save everything to something the size of our palm, and it reappears perfectly.

Marin Blue nimbly moved past me, moving like she wanted to link arms.

The Venetian red was like the ordinary color of acorns and the muddily printed blue skirt looked good on her. They're the clothes that she had dragged me to the department store to choose one day, so I inquired her: "What's bothering you so much?"

Marin Blue turned around and openly asked me: "I'm practicing dying."

"You practice dying while standing?"

"It's not your position that's important, but your will."

"Why do you want to die?"

"Actually, my dad told me this a long time ago. You should think of yourself as the center of the universe. That way, you won't lose your way. I tried it once and the world turned upside down."

"Sounds fun. But you said you don't even know what your dad looks like."

"You're right. Actually, it was my uncle."

"Every time you speak, it's a lie," I told her.

Marin Blue and I passed through the main gates of the campus, walked past the last house on the path and got away from the main street. We'd seen the end of the path for a long time but had never actually been there. When I was young, I would read manhwa and get lost in my daydreams. I would open the door to the loft above the kitchen and imagine a cactus in a distant desert or a giraffe peacefully eating grass and sighing on a wide open plain. Not long after we started walking, we came upon splendid cosmos flowers that lined the street as far as the eye could see, like a door that had opened wide for us. We faced each other for a moment, then walked on, laughing. "Why me?" I said.

"What do you mean?"

"You started speaking to me first."

"Oh. Probably because you're a good person."

"Don't speak like it's someone else's business."

"Actually, in college, I wanted to study Korean and I wanted to go out with a girl. Someone around my age. I didn't think you would be that much older. You're at the age when most women want to have families."

"So you don't like it?"

"No."

"Why Korean?" I asked, continuing with some irrelevant questions to try and get more answers from her.

"What do you feel when you see that cosmos?"

"Well, hmm . . . I think of my grandmother. I don't remember what she looks like, only that she carried me on her back and raised me. We moved after my grandmother passed away, but there was a street full of cosmos flowers by her house. Strangely, anytime I see cosmos now, I can see my grandmother carrying me down that street of flowers."

"That's not strange. The cosmos is your grandmother."

"You said you're taking philosophy classes. You've become good at saying things that don't make sense."

"Why did you listen to me?"

"I saw you carrying your art bag around a lot, so I wanted to know what kind of thoughts someone who draws has."

"You got it wrong. I'm not someone who draws pictures. I make them."

"What do you think of when you see cosmos?"

"I just like them. People who make pictures can't say anything else. We create a free-for-all, and just add and subtract colors like numbers. The answer falls to us. Everyone can't help but like the color. It's the same for form. I stamp a dot onto a square and know everything."

"Don't ridicule yourself."

"That's to say, studying Korean was just posturing."

"Even though I don't feel good about it, I like that you're honest. I should come out more often."

"I'll call the first thing I make Cosmos, whatever it is."

"That's a good idea. The cosmos was the first flower God made. He made it as practice for making other pretty flowers."

"It's similar"

*"What do you think about "sal sal ee?"**

"It's pretty. But a cosmos is a cosmos. If I knew it was called sal sal ee from the beginning, it might be different."

"I realized this afterward, but I like that about you"

"Thanks."

"Why didn't you study discourse?"

"It's boring. I can draw any time I want to"

"Lies again."

*"You should go tell fortunes in the street"***

I don't care how often my drawings are judged or appraised, and I will sometimes be inspired to draw with a feeling of groundless self-satisfaction after going to certain places. However, I'll become timid and sad afterward. That's how I felt when I went to art classes after school. It doesn't matter that I'm in college now, nothing has changed. During art class in elementary school, as soon as I learned that my work would be graded, I was overcome with fear and fully rejected the normal usage of the word "art."

Time changed that space and that space filled up over time. "Look over there," I said.

At the end of the street, there was a patch of land as large as a basketball court all broken up. The area around it looked like a swampland.

"Did aliens do that?" she said as she drew in the ground with her foot.

I answered, "You don't watch the X-Files?"

To which she replied, "The show where aliens come out?"

I told her: "It's more than aliens coming out. They're looking for alien existence. It's just..."

"Why do you hide at school?"

"Me?"

*Sal sal ee is the Korean name for the cosmos flower
**Korean idiom that means stop pretending like you know stuff

"You're like a ghost."

"It's not really hiding. I'm avoiding the traps of irrationality that are strewn about like snares in the grass or forest."

"Do you avoid them well?"

"No. The more I move away from them, the larger and more plentiful they become, so I have to go even further away."

She didn't have anything to say. Mulder and Scully worked together but didn't sleep together. In the television show, the Mulder who I wished would pin Scully down was constantly driven by his faith in aliens.

The walk back was far. Marin Blue held out a book to me as she got on the last direct bus to Seoul in front of the school and said: "What if it doesn't come true by giving a book to the person you love?"

"Do you have such little faith in yourself?"

"No, it's the opposite."

"Thanks."

en·tro·py
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